

VOL. 1—NO. 6:

FRANCE, FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1918.

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WAR SECRETARY HERE TO STUDY NEEDS OF A. E. F.

**Newton D. Baker Will In-
spect All Departments
of Army Activity**

VISIT TO FRONT IS PLANNED

**Air Raid on Paris Gives Cabinet
Member Taste of Hun Idea of
Modern Warfare**

FORGETS WAR IN TOY SHOP

**Round of Calls and Conferences
Marks the First Days of Tour
Extremely Busy Ones**

Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, has come to France. He is here to confer with General Pershing. With General Pershing he is now engaged in a tour of inspection of the A. E. F., planning to see it from beginning to end with his own eyes so that when he returns to his desk in far-off Washington, he may be guided in all his acts by his first-hand knowledge of the things that are being done and the things that are being needed by the American Army in France.

Before he sets sail once more for America, he will, if his plans go through, have visited each of the ports at which our troops are landed, have examined the lines of communication, and have carried his inspection of the front itself even to the first line trenches.

This tour began on Tuesday evening last when Mr. Baker moved out of Paris in a specially chartered train, made up of a parlor car, two sleeping cars, a dining car and a baggage car in which two half-powered automobiles were stowed away for the instant use of the inspecting party at each stopping place along the line. All this is to the end that the Secretary of War shall gather the greatest amount of information in the least possible time.

A Memorable Triumvirate

The first news that Paris had of Mr. Baker's visit, which he has described as "a pilgrimage to the temple of heroism," was when his train pulled into Paris shortly after six o'clock on Monday morning. Many visitors to the dimly lighted station at that unpropitious hour would have carried away with them the memorable sight of Mr. Baker walking along the platform with General Pershing on one side and General Bliss on the other. Here, assembled before them were the three men who, under President Wilson, constitute the triumvirate high command of the American Army, the Secretary of War, the Commander-in-Chief, and America's representative at the Allied Conference.

But the significance of the moment probably dawned on none of the on-lookers, except those who had come especially to meet Mr. Baker and possibly three enlisted Americans who had just climbed down from their own coach on the incoming train and who stood staring open-mouthed until the party had passed on out of the station.

After a day of calls and business on his very first night in the French capital, Mr. Baker had his first taste of things as they are in Europe these days, rather than as they are in America. On this night that the Germans once again invaded the fog-veiled heavens over Paris. When the alarm sounded and the guns began their play while the lights of the city went out, Mr. Baker was in his particularly awkward apartment on an upper floor of the Hotel Carlton, deeply engrossed in a conference with General Bliss.

A Sepulchral Spot

When their lights had to be turned out, the conference was adjourned to an adjoining room that could be dimly lighted by the emergency lanterns, but this did not satisfy the solicitous management, and after a time, Mr. Baker consented to descend to the wine cellar. This secluded and sepulchral spot, with its casks and its inadequate lighting, was pulled out of the cellar for the business of the evening could be carried on, so announcing that he thought quite enough attention had been paid to the safety of the Secretary of War, Mr. Baker returned to his quarters on high.

To the unfamiliar accompaniment of bombs and distant gunfire, the conference was carried placidly to its conclusion.

"It was my first contact with the actualities of war," he said next day, "and a revelation of the method in which the enemy which makes no distinction between war upon soldiers and upon women and children. If his aim is to damage property, the results are slight for his effort. If his aim is to weaken morale the answer is in the superb conduct of the people of Paris. Moreover, the air raid over cities, a counterpart of submarine ruthlessness with its assaults on alien rights, expresses the very cause which brought America into the war. We are sending our soldiers to Europe to fight on until the world shall be freed from such horrors."

Submarine—Alert

So the Paris which Mr. Baker knew in other years proved in the year 1918 more eventful than the voyage across the Atlantic. That voyage was made not in any passenger ship, but in an American warship, a veteran cruiser that was acting at the time as part of the escort of a convoy which brought 10,000 American soldiers safe and sound to an American port.

The journey overseas was not entirely without incident. It was made part way in weather so unceremonial that the Secretary himself was one of the few who did not feel the worse for it. Then once on the way, the monetary mistaking of an innocent floating spar for a sinister submarine led to a brief but lively demonstration of how our guns protect the convoy.

Later, as the group of soldier-laden ships approached the port, the warning was spread through the air that a real submarine had been sighted just outside. An imposing fleet of French hydroplanes and dirigibles came out at once to meet

TO THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I am glad to find in France a newspaper written and edited by and for our soldiers. Wisely managed, it can be a forum for their ideas, a means for each part of the American front to speak to all the others, a means for drawing closer together all the soldiers of the A. E. F. Good luck to THE STARS AND STRIPES!

(Signed)

NEWTON D. BAKER.

France, March 12.

NATION STEADY IN RESPONSE TO RUSSIAN CRISIS

**American Markets Reflect
Quiet Confidence of
Whole People**

WAR REGARDED AS BIG JOB

**Week of Nation-Wide Good Weather
Does Much to Aid General
Industrial Drive**

By J. W. MULLER

American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

NEW YORK, March 14.—It has been another quiet week, without a single sensational or even exciting domestic occurrence of any kind. The Russian and Japanese situation continues to overshadow everything else in public interest, but the public apparently watches developments tranquilly and with an open mind.

The general feeling among responsible men seems to be that the occasion demands extremely careful and dispassionate thought, and that American principles and ideals with regard to world questions have been so clearly defined and are so sound and so satisfactory to the American people that America's course can not be wrong if she adheres to them in this crisis. There is considerable difference in newspaper opinion, but editorial expressions are not extreme one way or the other.

No Frenzied Jacking Up

On the whole, there seems practically no change in the public attitude toward this question away from that indicated in last week's dispatch. Certainly, the German advance into Russia has not disconcerted Americans.

My opinion is that this crisis proves finely the wisdom of educating the public in the very beginning to understand that this war is a big job, and that nothing must be left undone in the hope that things will be easy. This clear comprehension has stiffened people, and they feel now that the country's multifarious agencies have already been doing their best and do not now need frenzied jacking up.

This general quiet confidence in our war preparations and prosecution have been reflected all week in the stock exchanges and in business generally. The exchanges showed a flurry. The successive news of German and Russian proceedings passed over the exchanges without ruffling them.

Without attaching too much value to the stock market as an indicator of public morale, we can still note that such remarkable steadiness could not be maintained by professional traders alone, but must positively have behind it a great background of solid public faith in American success.

Another week of almost nation-wide good weather has done much to aid the general industrial drive. News from all parts of the big land is cheering as to the growing increase in output of all materials, with practically no important or vital obstacles.

Labor Situation Placid

The labor situation is decidedly placid, and the ship carpenters' dispute appears to have settled down to a mutually peaceful interchange of views, with no threats pro or con to cloud the issue or embarrass proper settlement.

The news given out of big ship production this week has not yet been studied sufficiently for discussion, but the figures appear satisfactory, and I believe that the public will be gratified in the large sense by a demonstration that ships are being built and launched. The Hog Island shipyard investigation into alleged extravagances plots along unseasonably, and there is so far a very equitable suspension of judgment.

I am more convinced every day that our nation has grown splendidly in mental stature since we went into the war. Now that we are face to face with mighty problems, it seems as if the old American extensibility over little things and passionate love for opinions and argument had been shelved utterly.

CARROT TO OUTSHINE ROSE

By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.

NEW YORK, March 14.—Cabbage and carrot may be the queens at the flower show here next week. Fashionable exhibitors are to show war gardens.

A Fifth Avenue florist made a bit last week by displaying a big bouquet of beets, radishes, beans and carrots.

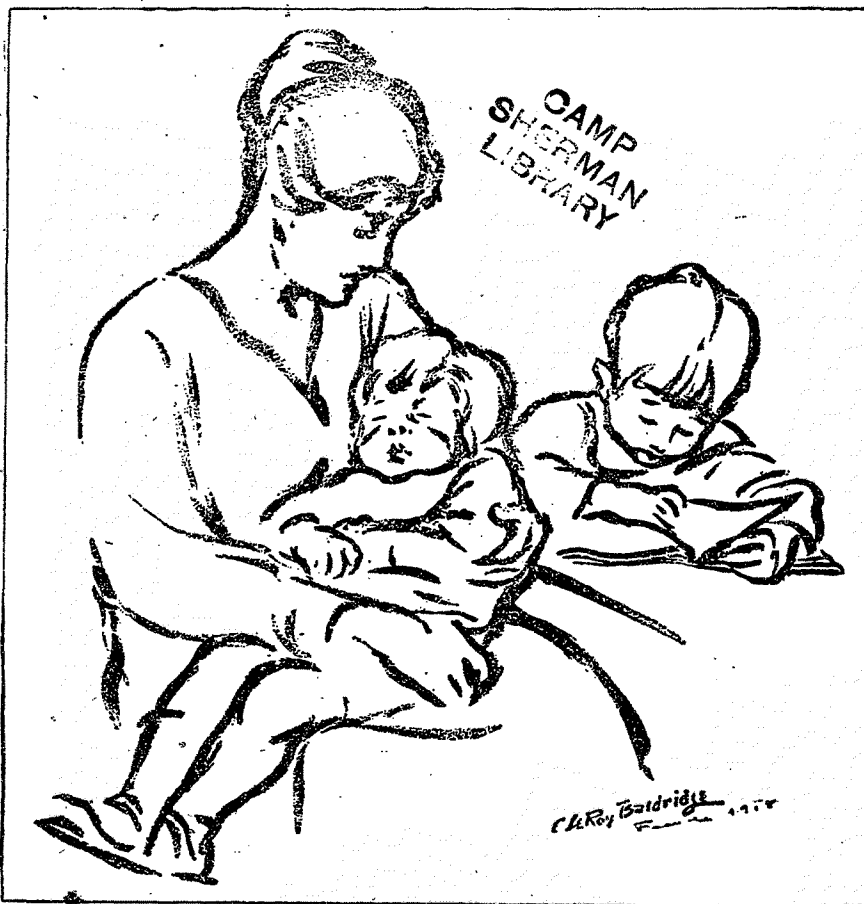
The smart milliners are now thinking of making edifice hats for summer.

FREE TRIPS TO CAMP UPTON

By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.

NEW YORK, March 14.—New York automobile owners have agreed to give free trips weekly to the relatives of men in Camp Upton who cannot afford the railroad fare.

WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR



This is what we're fighting for—
That the girl on mother's knee
May not know the scourge of war,
Shook on land and shock on sea;
That the little boy may read
On and on of Fairyland,
Undistracted by Teuton greed,
Safe from blow of Teuton hand.

Other little children fare
Not so peacefully as these:
Mothers have they none to care,
Fathers have they none to please.
Wracked by horror, caked with grime,
Have they been these weary years,
Ever since the German crime
Made their land a vale of tears.

Hard their lot and sad their ways!
Little love on them was lavished,
From those early August days
When the Hun their country ravished,
Till the time when strangers came—
Kindly folk, but still outlanders—
Working, in the sacred Name,
For those helpless tots of Flanders.

So, to keep the flame and sword,
From our children and their mothers,
Forward then, with one accord,
North and South, allied as brothers,
East and West, as one unite!
Bring to naught the Prussian's yearning—
Then may children's eyes be bright,
Unafraid, at our returning!

NEW AMERICA RISES BEHIND VEIL OF WAR

**Changes Already Effectuated
Sure Signs of Wonder-
ful Future**

NATION LOOKS SEAWARD

**New Training Ship Forecasts Time
When Flag Will Once More
Fly in Every Port**

By J. W. MULLER

American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

NEW YORK, March 14.—There is a growing realization that, behind all the flaming work of war, mighty national forces are also working hugely for the future economic structure that shall be the wonderful New America.

The fact that modern war entails all activities and all branches of human industry is making necessary vast improvements in all productive organizations of the country. Everywhere gigantic remodeling are going on, with every resource of science, money, man power, business, brains, and efficiency.

It seems certain that America will emerge from the war with all her great industries modernized to the last degree, prepared to get the utmost value from every natural resource with the old extravagances eliminated.

Men of vision and insight already predict that America will outdistance Germany in the application of science and method to industries and business, and that she will do marvelous things in the development of by-products.

German Monopoly Broken

Chemistry is taking a bigger place daily. The latest example of progress in that science is the American manufacture of the famous drug salvarsan, hitherto a German-Austrian monopoly. It is now made here under a new name—arsphenamine—which, it is to be hoped, won't break the cable. This one thing alone means big reconstruction of human wreckage, and is only one item of what America is doing behind the war front.

Another thing becoming apparent in public discussions is that America is beginning to look confidently to a sea career again. The ship Calvin Austin, first of the shipping board's squadron of training ships for American merchant sailors, made this visit when she visited New York last week with a big lot of New England's boys and some Westerners, training for our coming merchant marine.

Her sister ships, the Governor Dingler and the remodeled transport Mendocino, will soon be enlarging the work of preparing for the day when the Stars and Stripes again shall shine in every port of the world.

ONE REGIMENT WINS 16 CROIX DE GUERRE

**Whole Trench Mortar Section Also Cited as Sequel
to Raid on Chemin des Dames—Chaplain
Decorated for Bravery**

By FRANK P. SIBLEY

Correspondent of the "Boston Globe" With the A. E. F.; the Only Correspondent Living With the American Troops on the Chemin des Dames

It's an odd party on the Chemin des Dames these days that does not have as a sequel a little ceremony out on some level field, a few days later, with a grizzled French colonel kissing a few Yankee red privates as he pins on the coveted red and green ribbon that supports the Croix de Guerre.

The parties come off fairly frequently. Once in a while Fritz gives one, and except for the night when he caught a working party almost at his own front line, he has paid for the party all himself. When he seems slow about the party idea, the French and Americans give one.

In the New England division, so far, one infantry regiment has won 16 Croix, another one four, another three, and another two. Besides this, one regiment has had a whole trench mortar section cited—and that in all probability, means a *fourragere* for those chaps.

Headquarters Officers in Gallery

A few days ago, on a field which was a bitter battle ground only last fall, one of the huge infantry regiments drew up in the level light of late afternoon to receive its rewards of honor for gallantry from the French. The grass is already bright; the range of hills beyond which our advanced posts lie were softened by a light haze in the warm day, and right in front and overhead, Fritz and a sausage balloon staged a merry little hide-and-seek target game to amuse the waiting soldiers.

The French colonel of the brigade placed with ours came charging on to the field with his staff, all riding at the gallop. The division commander of the Americans, the brigade commander, and a whole group of officers from headquarters formed up as a gallery, this not being their affair.

Far out in the field, a tiny figure on horseback piped a command, and along that great silent front officers wheeled their horses and sang it in varying tones. The adjutant wheeled, and turned over the regiment to the colonel. He in turn presented it to the French officer.

Half a mile away, the band struck into the national tune, and the great assemblage froze at the salute. Then, to a lively march, the colors came forward, escorted a little group of eight men, the latest bunch to win approbation from our Allies.

Chaplain In On Party

Only two of them wore shoulder straps. One was a lieutenant, the other a priest, Father Oslas Roucher. He was sent over by the Knights of Columbus, with a number of others. He fell into place in this New England outfit, and wherever it has gone, Father Roucher has gone along like the other two chaplains.

As battalions have gone into the front line, a chaplain has always gone, too. And it happened that Father Roucher's battalion got in on a party or two. His coolness, his steady work under fire among the men, has won its reward.

The French colonel, stepping to the little line, pinned on each man's breast the Croix de Guerre, reading his citation in a clear voice, and then kissing the man on each cheek. The boys, quiet but flushed with pride and embarrassment, saluted and wheeled back to their places. Then the little group took its place in the reviewing line, waited while the

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TO OUR SECRETARY OF WAR

Mr. Secretary, welcome! We are here, right on the job! We are proud to have you come and look us over. With the Boches we've been raising just a little bit of bob. And, take it all in all, we live in clover. We hope you'll find us spick-and-span, efficient-like and clean. And thoroughly attentive to our business. Of thinking out the numbers of the Huns in greasy green. And of causing old von Hindenburg some dizziness.

Mr. Secretary, welcome! You're the kind of guest we like. The kind that understands our martial lingo; The kind that sympathizes with the burdens of the bike. And the kind that's solid for this war, by jingo! When you go back to Washington, just let the people know that we're straining at the leash to bust right through And knock the fatal daylight out of Fritz, our country's foe. Mr. Baker, here's our best respects to you!

NEW JERSEY RUINED AS A PLACE TO LOAF

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 14.—A tragic fate awaits the gentlemen of leisure in New Jersey through Governor Edge's proclamation ordering sheriffs to make every idle male resident work or enter jail. The proclamation makes New Jersey millionaires and hoboes appreciate keenly the essential brotherhood of man.

Neighboring States are preparing to welcome a large influx of the best New Jersey families. There is much speculation as to the effect on Long Branch, Atlantic City and other joyous haunts of the idle rich. New Yorkers are wondering if they dare venture through New Jersey on their way to Tuxedo.

Many gentlemen of leisure are planning to discharge their butlers and mix their own cocktails, to comply with the law.

Maryland and West Virginia already have similar laws.

AMERICANS MAKE FIRST RAIDS INTO GERMAN TRENCHES

**Two Lorraine Sectors Are
Scenes of Invasion of
Enemy's Lines**

SHELLS PLAY MIGHTY JAZZ

**Doughboys Gain Their Objective
and Return with Prisoners
in 47 Minutes**

MUD-SPATTERED COLONEL GAY

**Sergeant Rises to Profanity When
Big Guns Batter Pillbox that
He Wanted to Take**

The past seven days have witnessed the first American raids into German trenches. American patrolling parties had previously gone up to the German wire, but had not penetrated the enemy's front line. Now, however, American troops have actually fought in the German defense system.

The raids in question took place in both of our sectors in Lorraine. Following is an account of the raid in our sector near Lunerville, by Lincoln Eyre, staff correspondent of *The New York World*, who watched the Americans go across from a front line observation post.

I had barely reached an infantry observation post and glued my eye to a narrow slit giving upon No Man's Land when there was a sudden, sinister pause in the barrage. Our machine guns ceased to spit away during a scarcely perceptible interval. I made out our wire apparently right under my nose, but the German trenches were lost in the smoke and fog hanging over the bruised landscape. Only an occasional Boche shell crashed into a muddy grand, to explode in a muddy, black cloud.

American Barrage Lifts

Our own batteries had lifted their barrage and shoved it back on the enemy's second line. His batteries were being mightily deluged, too, which was doubtless his harassing fire had died away. The hammer beat of our quickfingers was the loudest note in the discordant jangle of projectiles.

I wondered where our infantry were. Suddenly, they appeared, clambering up the parapets, steps and stepping briskly through the wire.

"Gosh, there they go," muttered the awed voice of a doughboy, peering out beside me.

Off to the left I could see the horizon blue helmets of the police keeping step with our boys. It seemed to me, as I watched them move off into the smoke, that their principal thought was to avoid tumbling into the shell holes that pitted the earth everywhere. Some of them stumbled and fell, but each rose quickly and continued to advance at a sort of jog-trot pace set by the officers.

Lost in Mist of Shells

As far as I could detect, no shell fell near them, nor was there any evidence of hostile machine gun fire. They just got over the ground as quickly as possible, each man a few feet from his neighbor, and in two minutes they were swallowed up in a mist of shells.

"It ain't half as bad as I thought 'twould be," the chap next to me remarked.

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POLITICIANS GO SLOW IN STARTING THINGS

**Tempting Issues Passed
Up for Fear of What
May Be Inside**

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 14.—National politics is still quiet. The politicians seem to be waiting for the war to end, or at least for the general behavior of the wise old war horses is like that of a prudent man walking in a dark room full of eggs.

Everybody is watching the Non-Partisan League of the West and the New York State situation, but so far there has been only political skirmishing without casualties. There is a brisk war over the appointment by Governor Edge of New Jersey of David Baird, 80 years old, United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Hughes. The general belief is that District Attorney Swann of New York will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor, but Judge Swann

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FREE QUARTERS AND BOARD FOR MEN ON HOLIDAY

**Dollar a Day to Buy Meals
for All at Designated
Leave Center**

LESS IF YOU GO ELSEWHERE

**No Ban on Personal Funds, But
There Won't Be Any Excuse
to Starve**

SEASHORE FOR THE SUMMER

**New Permission Grounds Probably
Will Soon Be Announced from
Headquarters**

Join the Army, get a ten per cent raise by coming to France, and—here's the newest inducement—enjoy seven days' vacation every four months with pay. Yes, with pay. For a new G.O. has gone forth, or rather an amendment to a previous G.O.—it's No. 6, to be exact—whereby men going on leave in the designated area will be furnished with quarters and with commutation of rations at the rate of one dollar a day.

The amended general order has to put all this in good Army style, of course, but the objectionable part doesn't work out as bad as it sounds. To get all these nice things the *permissioinaire* will be considered as "having a duty status." This, however, doesn't mean that he will have to do K.C. for his board and sweep out the hotel corridors for his lodging. The Army can't pay a soldier for vacationing, so it covers him by this duty status clause. But it doesn't mean any harm by it. The soldier's vacation will be strictly a holiday period.

The free quarters and food allowance are, of course, for men going to the designated leave area, meaning the department of the Savoy. But suppose you are fussy and want to go somewhere else—if they'll let you. In that case, you will have to save each cent of your pay to attend to your own lodging expenses, but Uncle Sam will still provide commutation of rations—this time at 60 cents a day.

Oh, You Ocean Bathing!

The designated leave area in Savoy, in the vicinity of Aix-les-Bains, which was a good enough place for J. P. Morgan, Queen Victoria and other \$33 a month people to spend their vacations in without assistance from their governments, is at present the only one included in the free quarters and dollar a day commutation amendment. It is probable, however, that new leave areas will be announced before summer, and the presumption is that the summertime leave centers will be near the sea.

The new rule is the result of a rather noticeable flattening out in the permission industry at Aix as the result of a bear market on France. So many soldiers arrived at the famous watering place with more anticipation than funds that matters began to look serious both for the men and the Aix Hotel Proprietors' Association, if they have one there. Patriotic Americans of means came to the rescue in many cases, but that sort of thing couldn't go on forever.

In a short while, therefore, the only people left in Aix besides the natives were the provost-marshal, X.M.C.A., officials, and the hotel men. Aix had grown unpopular, nor had it been boycotted by the American Expeditionary Forces. It was just the other way. Aix had grown too popular.

For instance, one regiment objected almost to a man when it heard of the Army's plans for *permissioinaires*. After a lot of grumbling, some of them decided to be the goats and went down just to see what happened to them in Aix. When they came back they told such wonderful stories that several hundred men had signed up in a few hours to be allowed to go there when their turns came.

Extra Money Won't Hurt

Naturally, if you are going to Aix, it will be well to have a few hundred centimes, if only to jingle them in your pocket as you leave the train and make the Aixians think you're really prosperous. This is the better plan, but if you should happen to land in Aix broke through an unfortunate accident on the train, you won't starve to death. Your room rent will be paid in advance, which means seven nights of blessed rest in a regular bed untroubled by quilns about the landlady. You will draw your dollar a day every day, so that if further unfortunate accidents should befall you and your dollar before breakfast, you would go endless for that day only.

The soldier on leave will have to go far out of his way if he wants to spoil his own vacation.

RESTAURANT MEN PUNISHED

**Proprietors of Un-meatless Estab-
lishments Have to Tell the World**

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 14.—Here's another sad story to tell New York. Fifty-seven generous restaurant men have been hauled up for violating the meatless days order.

They agree to close for one day, hanging out the sign, "Closed for the day for violation of the regulations of the United States Food Administration." It was painfully like hanging a sign around a bad dog's neck, but it may furnish an instructive literary exercise for other food profiteers.

Otherwise the food situation continues easy. Hotel men enthusiastically cut down portions, but forget to do the same with prices.

UNITED CIGAR FOUNDER DEAD

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 14.—Michael W. Whelan has died in Syracuse, aged 71. He was the founder of the famous United Cigar Stores. He served on a Mississippi river gunboat during the Civil War. Sixteen years after the opening of his chain of cigar stores they had \$30,000,000 worth of business annually.